

T. H. Jones.

GUIDE TO . .

LAUGHARNE

AND

PENDINE, . .

CARMARTHENSHIRE.

**Their Attractions as Holiday
Resorts.**

By E. Alwelrydd David,
Author of "Cymru Fydd," &c.



Introduction by
Mr. Samuel Jones,
Manchester College.

Price—Sixpence.



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E. AWELRYDD DAVID,
AUTHOR OF "CYMRU FYDD," &c.

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PREFACE.

It has been felt for years that the noted holiday resorts, Laugharne and Pendine, were not so widely known as they should be, and that a Guide was necessary for the benefit of visitors and others. I do not profess to have done justice to the subject, but under the circumstances this pamphlet may be of advantage as a preliminary to a more perfect one in the near future.

I am indebted for a considerable amount of information contained in it to Mr. S. Jones, Manchester College, taken from his essay on "The Sceneries of Pendine," and to the late Miss Curtiss, from her "Antiquities of Laugharne and Neighbourhood."

E. A. D.

INTRODUCTION.

One of the most conservative little towns in these Isles, perhaps, would be Laugharne. Certainly it is in many things. Its interests are watched by jealous eyes. No outsider may intrude, not even England's Parliament sometimes.

There is no large city—no great industrial centre. The traveller does not find the name on his railway map; he passes by four miles away without dreaming of its existence.

Nevertheless, its people are scattered over the Globe—here their cradle rocked to the music of sea. Since, they have gone forth into the world to fill their places, and in the Summer they come again to spend the quiet holiday—"Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife."

The publication of this interesting "Guide to Laugharne and Pendine" will undoubtedly find a large circulation among the numerous tourists who frequent the district. I know of no book at present before the public that gives any information other than "The Antiquities of Laugharne, &c.," by the late Miss Curtiss. That book is of immense size, and the price is beyond the means of the ordinary purchaser. Besides, it is not meant to be a guide, but a collection of facts and customs, legend and tradition, together with a little history. It should be read at one's leisure—not in the midst of a hasty spin thro' the country on a short holiday.

Both the visitor and the inhabitant will welcome the careful and kind endeavour made by Mr. David to furnish this much-needed handbook. I say "endeavour" because I feel confident that he will be conscious he has not exhausted all that can be said for historic Laugharne and picturesque Pendine.

SAMUEL JONES.

Llandawke, April, 1904.

GUIDE TO LAUGHARNE AND PENDINE.

AS holiday resorts, there is not the slightest doubt but that these two places will compare favourably with any others in the Kingdom. This may seem a bold assertion to the unacquainted. An inspection and a trial, though, would convince the most sceptical on that point.

The question that naturally suggests itself is—What are the essentials of a holiday resort?

Laugharne and Pendine cannot boast of many—if any—large and magnificent buildings. There are not many mansions wherein dwell royal and other aristocratic families of high rank. There are not many paved or flagged walks along well-set streets, neither are the streets that be illuminated with electric light or even gas. They cannot boast either of museums, art galleries, or zoological gardens, yet they can, as stated, be classed as holiday resorts in the very first rank. Those mentioned above, which are not to be found in these two places, are not, in our opinion, the essentials of holiday resorts.

In Laugharne and Pendine Nature is displayed in all its grandeur and beauty. The hand of Providence is plainly visible through the beautiful scenery and romantic views which adorn the whole neighbourhood.

There are, of course, several well-constructed villas, occupied by most highly respectable and well-to-do families. There are a few streets made by the hand of man as best they could under existing circumstances, which are fairly well lighted during the winter evenings. But it is not the artificial that makes Laugharne and Pendine appear as they do, but their natural position, and this man cannot improve upon. They are not large cities, nor even what are generally termed ordinary-sized towns, but two country villages, with a population of about two thousand souls.

Laugharne, it may be mentioned here, has its charter, and is commonly known as the "Township and Corporation of Laugharne"; but taking its size and inhabitants into consideration, there are many unchartered country villages larger than it,

so that it is not its size that claims for it a high place as a holiday resort, but its picturesque views (as well as those of Pendine), their beautiful hills and dales, their natural scenery of different kinds, where artists of no mean standing have many and many a time entirely lost themselves whilst gazing on the beautiful and sublime appearance of everything around them.

Added to all this is the continually fresh, invigorating, and health-giving air, and the pure sea breezes, unpolluted by town refuse and ash-heaps, or by sulphuric and acidical smoke (arising from works of different kinds), which is undoubtedly injurious to health.

Laugharne and Pendine are sufficiently far away to prevent any of these disturbing their purity of air or water, which has its source in rocks close at hand, and, therefore, above suspicion. Geographically, they are not situated near any large city, nor are there one or more railways running through, with their bustle and flurry of a busy commercial life, but are situated as if placed by Nature with an object of giving the holiday-seeker the advantage of a spot wherein to soothe his brain after the mental strain of town life; away out of the sound of whistling engines, of running tramcars, and flying cabs and hansoms; away in the quietude from the worry of commercial life, where he can, to his heart's content, inhale freely the pure country air, further purified by the vast sea which is visible, and thoroughly enjoy the beauties of Nature in its best form. Not only are these the essentials of a holiday resort, and adaptable to the busy commercial fraternity, but are of equal importance to—if not more so—the invalid and infirm, to whom quietness, coupled with the other advantages, are of vital importance. Families with young children will also find that Laugharne and Pendine are unequalled as holiday resorts, there being any number of beautiful country walks, where flowers and fruits are plentiful; also seaside walks (of which we shall have more to say later on) and sands, especially at Pendine, where young and old can, without the slightest danger, enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. Pendine Sands are generally acknowledged to be second to none in the world, there being many miles without the remotest sign of mud or pools.

To those who have not already visited Laugharne and Pendine, and who intend seeking a holiday, we can confidently recommend these two noted places as first-class holiday resorts.

As the sunny days and glorious evenings come round one year after another, the tired workers—mentally and physically—of our large towns and crowded villages commence dreaming of green trees and pretty flowers, lonely walks and pleasant drives, and to sigh for the annual brief of respite from the monotonous grind of toil.

"Where shall I spend my holiday?" is a question often asked. An answer to this question is not at all times easy to find, as so much depends on the holiday-seeker's own predilections and the means at his disposal.

Happily for the denizens of our overcrowded cities and towns, Laugharne and Pendine may confidently be mentioned as the very places for worn and jaded spirits to rest and recuperate.

The township of Laugharne is small, but fairly compact, and has a population of a little over a thousand souls.

Pendine is also a small village, divided into two parts—"Upper Pendine" and "Lower Pendine"—with a population of about two hundred inhabitants.

Their smallness is certainly an advantage for rest and enjoyment. Geographically, they lay to the west of Carmarthen Town, Pendine being at the extremity of Carmarthen Bay.

The nearest railway station is St. Clears, on the Great Western Railway, which is distant about four miles from Laugharne and eight miles from Pendine. Brakes ply daily at intervals from the railway station, and a more pleasant drive than that from St. Clears, through Laugharne, to Pendine cannot be imagined. The railway station being rather the other side of St. Clears from Laugharne, the drive is right through the former place, crossing the Tâf at the western end, after which there is a beautiful run of country road, running parallel with the Tâf for some distance, but on a considerably higher level.

Visible *en route* on the left are the farms and extensive land of Pantdwn, Treventy, Plasygwer, Llandilo-Abercowin, Morfabach, &c., and on the right are Maesoland, the whole of the common land of the Laugharne Corporation, Cresswell, Hall-down, Brixton, &c. Milton Bank, the beautiful seat of Mr. and Mrs. M. Smith, is passed just before reaching Laugharne. From Milton Bank an exceedingly pleasant view of the ancient town is visible.

From Laugharne to Pendine the drive is much better still, the roads being better, and the scenery more interesting. The route thither is through the village of Broadway, where the ruins of the once-noted Roch Castle are to be seen. A little further on is the Broadway mansion, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Broadwood.

From that point above Kinggaddle there is a beautiful view of Laugharne Marsh, with its extensive farms; Coigan Quarries, as well as the burrows and the sea, stretching out as far as the eye can see. Many travellers have been known to halt at this spot, and especially artists, to get a view of the grand scenery in front of them.

Proceeding, the village of Brook and the Llanmiloe Mansion are passed (of which we shall have more to say later on), reaching the fascinating village of Pendine in a little under two hours from the Railway Station.

This route to Pendine is called the "New Road," the old one being by New Mill and Three Lords.

That road takes a westwardly point from St. Clears Bridge, and although being a shorter run than the one through Laugharne, it is by no means so well to travel, owing chiefly to the many hills there are to traverse, and is, therefore, seldom if ever used by visitors.

For cyclists the old road is an exceptionally heavy one, whereas the new one, especially from Laugharne down, is quite the reverse, and cannot very well be beaten.

Another means of reaching Laugharne, for travellers from up the country, is to leave the train at Ferryside, cross the ferry to Llanstephan, walk—or take a conveyance—a distance of about three miles, and cross another ferry into the ancient town.

The walk from Llanstephan to the "Scar," where the ferry-boat is taken, is through a beautiful and invigorating country.

The stranger might fancy on reading these lines that Laugharne and Pendine are out-of-the-way places, as the saying is; and it is possible that on arriving there the first impression may be a dreary one. The visitor may imagine that there is no communication with the outside world, but a day spent there will entirely remove that impression.

"Cadraw" states that "in 1821 Laugharne was the second market town in Carmarthenshire, and a seaport where a considerable traffic was carried on." It cannot, however, boast of being in that position to-day; still, though, as previously stated, it is quiet, and thus adaptable as a holiday resort. It must not be thought that there is no communication with the outside world. Both Laugharne and Pendine have their daily influx of papers, which are eagerly read by an intelligent people, who are thoroughly up-to-date in all public matters of importance.

"Malkin," who was in Laugharne in 1803, says that "it is one of the best built towns in Carmarthenshire." However that may be, both places are a type of cleanliness and thrift, which is an important item to holiday-seekers.

This is more and more becoming known every day. A holiday spent there once almost invariably means a return visit the following year.

A kinder-hearted and more intelligent people cannot be found, and the accommodation for visitors is, under the circumstances, really good. Lodgings are plentiful, and at reasonable prices. Apartments may be obtained at the hotels and inns, as well as in private houses, to suit all classes. Of course the prices would vary according to the means and requirements of the visitor.

One thing is certain, that wherever apartments are obtained, cleanliness and civility may be relied upon. The best of all kinds of food, including fresh fish, cockles, &c., is obtainable at moderate charges.

In addition to the hotels and inns, there are plenty of butchers, bakers, fishmongers, grocers, &c., all of whom cater admirably, so that there is no scarcity of the best provisions at all.

Bathing facilities are excellent, especially so at Pendine, where there are many miles of solid sand without the slightest danger of mud or pool, there being, roughly speaking, about seven miles of these sands where bathing might be indulged in with safety. The child here, provided it does not go out of its depth, is equally as safe as the adult whilst bathing.

There is, in this respect an important drawback: there are no bathing machines. The writer remembers one or two there some years ago, but for some reason or other they have been discontinued.

This is to be deplored, as not only would a few bathing machines financially recoup the little outlay, but it would also add materially to the attraction of the places, in addition to their advantage from a moral point of view.

Nature, though, as well as having provided such excellent sands, seems to be "making up" for the absence of bathing machines by providing several little caves in the rocks, which are utilised for undressing and dressing purposes. These are highly appreciated by the visitors.

A few families accustomed to visit these places have made it a practice the last year or two of bringing with them a light tent, which they fix on the burrows or on the cliffs, as the case may be, one family in particular bringing a "living van," which was stored several winters at Great Hill with Mr J. Henry Thomas. Both these plans are admirable ones, especially if apartments should happen to be scarce.

There are at both places historical Parish Churches, of which we shall have more to say in a future article.

There are also in Laugharne a Congregational, a Calvinistic Methodist, and a Wesleyan Chapel; and at Pendine a Calvinistic Methodist Chapel and a Moravian Chapel. There is also a Baptist Chapel midway between the two places.

There is a Post Office at each place, under proper and efficient control, where the officials are noted for their attention and courtesy.

Merlin once prophesied:—

Kidwelly was, Carmarthen is, and Laugharne will be
The greatest city of the three.

Whether that prophecy will ever be fulfilled or not is a matter of conjecture. However, Laugharne is different to many places of ten times its size and population, and can boast of being a corporated town.

A stranger, on arriving there, might feel his curiosity aroused as to the genuineness of this, and not without some amount of justification. It may, therefore, be of interest to give here a copy of its charter, which is as follows:—

Translation of the Charter of the Burgesses of Laugharne.

To all faithfull Christians to whom this present Writing shall come,
Guido de Bryan, the younger, wisheth eternal salvation in the Lord.
Let all men know that we have granted to our beloved and faithfull bargesses

of Tallaugharne,* for our selves, our heirs, and every one of our successors, all the good laws and customs which the burgesses of Carmarthen have used and enjoyed in the time of King John, Lord Edward the son of Henry, and their predecessors the kings of England – the Weights and Measures preserved which were in the time of Guido de Bryan the Elder. We have granted further to the same a free Common in our whole North Wood, that is, in the whole forest of Coydebeath, and all that common pasture in the Marsh of Tallaugharne,† which is called Maen Corse, by the boundaries and limits as it is walked about; and further a free Common from the rivulet which is called Macorells, ascending to Greenslades Head, and so to the west above Eynons-down by the way which leads to Branways, and from thence untill Corran's Head, and ascending till Honeylake,‡ and from thence to the Head of Tadyhill, and so descending untill passenan Ehlake, and towards the east until the limits between Molden Hill and that plough land which was formerly Rice's, the son of William, descending untill the water of Tâf, and so till Hemingh's Well, and from thence ascending untill Hoarstone, and from thence descending unto Blindwell and to Rochcomb, and so coming down to our antient whirlpool of Tâf, and from thence to Howelln's Croft, and ascending to the Burch and Meer, and so coming down to long Rock, which is just by our virgultum of Thalacharn. We have further granted to the same one way in breadth, sixteen feet, to water their cattle from the above said common pasture, by passenan Ehlake, to the water of Tâf. Likewise we have granted to the same one acre of Moor in length and breadth to dig turf clods, where they will choose it conveniently in the Turbary of passenan Ehlake. We have granted further to the aforesaid Burgesses, that they, for the transgression or forfeiture by servitude, lose not their own goods and chattels found in their hands, or in any other place deposited in our liberty, as far as they will be able to prove them to be their own, and that if the said Burgesses or some of them within our liberty shall die testate or intestate, we nor our heirs will not confiscate their goods, but that their heirs may intirely have them, as far as the said chattels of the deceased have been kept, so that knowledge and certainty may be had of their said heirs. Likewise we have granted to the same, that none of them within our Liberty be vexed for the debt of any neighbour, unless he be debtor or surety, and tho' he be somebody's security, he may not be compelled to pay whilst the debtor hath from whence he may or can pay.

And that all transgressions within our Liberty committed may be forgiven on the same consideration as in the Borough of Carmarthen hitherto accustomed, we further have granted, that if any one of them within his villa shall forfeit to any one, let him not be brought within the gates of the Castle, so that he can give good and safe pledges for his appearance; and that none of them be compelled to accommodate their lord, nor any bailiff of his beyond twelve pence, unless they do it of their own good will; and that no inquisition be made of the things of foreigners by the aforesaid Burgesses, if they possess them freely, nor by foreigners of the Burgesses. We have further granted to the same our Burgesses that they choose twice in the year two competent Burgesses for our Portreeve, that is to say, one in the next hundred after the feast day of St. Michael, and another in the next hundred after Easter, by the common consent of the same, and not by our authority, or any bailiff of ours to govern the hundred, and to receive attachments belonging to the hundred, to receive the return of the villa and the toll, and that the said Portreeves

* Thalacharn. † Thalacharne. ‡ Horilake.

should deliver the aforesaid returns or tolls to us, or to our certain bailiff for that purpose assigned within the villa of Tallacharn by sale, and that they may not have any other office of buying, exchanging, aliening, or servitude which may prejudice them within or without the villa. We have granted further to the same that the said Burgesses be free from all servitude and service of plowing, grinding, mending the Mill Pond, and all other kinds of services which may redound to their slavery or loss within or without the villa; and that they go not into the Army unless it be to defend their own villa as the Burgesses of Carmarthen. We will and further grant that if any one in the open day, in the presence of his neighbours, shall buy any thing, and afterwards that thing be evil spoken of as if stolen, the buyer shall lose nothing in such a case, if his neighbours shall swear that they knew not that he bought it of a thief. And that this our grant and confirmation of this present Charter for us and our heirs, and every of our successors or assigns, may remain firm and unshaken for ever, we have confirmed this present Charter with the impression of our seal. Witnesses present, Galfred de Caunn., P. de Cadmr., Willo de Caman, Thomas de Pryce, Roger Corbet Knights, John Laundry, Walter Malenfant, mayor of Carmarthen, Thomas B., Esq., and others.—*A Translation.*

Laugharne is also noted for its charities, and a fact worth noting is that after the enquiry of 1878, held by Mr. T. Marchant Williams, under the Charitable Trusts Acts, Laugharne, with the exception of one or two other places, was the only one that retained its powers to manage its own affairs in this respect.

Mr. Marchant Williams' report to the House of Commons on his enquiry at Laugharne was everything that could be desired as to the good management of these charities, as well as all other public affairs.

One of these charities is that of Mathew Warren, dated August, 1656, and consists of an annuity of £2 12s. per annum, to be expended on twelve penny loaves, to be distributed to twelve poor widows each Sunday after the morning service in the Parish Church.

The next is that of Zacharias Thomas, dated May, 1681, and consists of an annuity of £4 per annum, to be distributed among poor widows of the district on the 6th of January in each year.

Another is that of Cornwallis, dated December, 1731. The income from this charity is £10 11s. per annum, which is distributed in conjunction with that of Zacharias Thomas.

The next is that of Elizabeth Foster, dated May, 1782, consisting of an annual income of £4 9s. 8d., which is paid to the Vicar of the Parish, and applied by him to the general purposes of the National School.

Then comes Jane Morgan's Charity, which consists of £2 12s. per annum, to be applied in buying "twelve penny loaves, to be given to twelve poor widows on each Lord's Day for ever."

The next is Mary Griffith's, dated June, 1810, which yields an income of £1 8s., which is remitted to the Vicar of the Parish, who expends it in the purchase of seven penny loaves of bread, and is distributed every Sunday morning to seven widows or old maids.

Another is that of Theodosia Laugharne, dated March, 1822, which yields an annual income of £51 7s. 10½d., which sum is paid to the organist of the Parish Church for the time being, the organ blower, and the repairs of the organ.

Hopkins' Charity consisted of £5, "to be laid out in the most advantageous way for the spiritual good of the poor of Laugharne."

William Laugharne's Charity, dated July, 1850, consists of the income of £400, to be expended in the purchase of bread, and distributed to the poor of the district on the 21st of December in each year.

Miss Tilly's Charity, dated November, 1856, is an annual income of £5 19s., which is applied to the Wesleyan Church of Laugharne.

The last, but not least, is Martha Wingrove's Charity, dated December, 1860, which includes £10 annually to the infant schoolmistress, £25 a year to be distributed in coal and bread to the poor, £2 per annum to the Church choirmaster, and £14 per annum in the purchase of clothes for eight choir boys.

Holidays are well earned by those who do the world's work, and holiday resorts should be selected from whence the holiday-seeker could return thoroughly refreshed and invigorated to their respective spheres of labour.

To the largest class of people—the class that really needs rest and recreation after long months of exhausting work in our crowded cities and towns—it is of the utmost importance to know where to get the maximum of benefit at the minimum of cost. That double benefit is certainly available in Laugharne and Pendine.

Arriving at Pendine, the visitor is at once very forcibly struck with the natural appearance of the quiet little village that rests on the gentle slope of a hill, having its houses and cottages dotted about in an irregular fashion, which greatly adds to the beauty of the rural scene.

Another cave near Gilman Point is one called "The Church." This name has its origin, according to tradition, from the fact that during the Reformation period a zealous Protestant named Gilman conducted Divine worship there, and on one occasion, it is stated, preached to a thousand people.

A little further on are the remains of a British encampment, where in the rock are the imprints of a man's foot, a colt's foot, and the "cloven foot" of the devil, the latter being called the "Devil's Track," where people in years gone by threw pins for the purpose of curing certain ailments.

Tradition has it that the Druids also worshipped at this spot. A circle of stones can be traced there at present, which goes a long way to prove the Druidic assertion.

When the tide is out the tourist may go round the Point over the sands, and suddenly find himself confronting the magnificent pebbled beach of Morfabychan Bay, one of the rare natural scenes even of this western coast.

We hear of the architectural skill of the sea, how it has formed the octagonal blocks of Fingal's Cave, how it has fashioned and polished the Stoffa Chambers, and built the Giant's Causeway; but here we have, as scientists will say, a demonstration of the power of the sea to rival any of these.

Miss Curtiss, in her "Antiquities of Laugharne and Pendine," describes Morfabychan thus:—Entering the valley from the Moravian Chapel, she states:

As you go down the path to it, you see mountains towering to the skies. This path leads direct into the sweet valley of Morfabychan, where there is exquisite beauty. Near the end of the path the mountain crosses abruptly the road beneath. The hills on your right and left pass down, and seem to enclose you in a sweet nook. A little further and the vale lies open in all its beauty. The roof of the cottage of the bard of Morfabychan just peers above the gentle swelling of a hill near the sandy and pebbly shore. The sea beyond, perhaps, bears a light barge, its sails glistening in the sun. You trace a delicate line like a thread winding between the mountains—it is the path to the sea. Here the mountains fall majestically to the greensward. At their feet the elder grows in abundance, and verdure in luxuriance clothes their slopes. The mountain on the Pendine side ends in Gilman Point; that on the other side in the Ragwen. This valley is a lovely spot. . . . Go to the top of the mountain. Perhaps a vessel struggles with the wind and waves, and your may feel as Lucretius, the Roman poet, did when he said:

"How sweet to stand when tempest tears the main
On the firm cliff, and mark the seaman's toil.
Not that another's danger soothes the soul,
But from such toil how sweet to feel secure."

Or sit on some bright afternoon of summer upon the slope of the hill by the sands opposite Marros Mountain, and the enjoyment is great to look down on the river below—the pleasant greensward, the only rural cottage by the mountain side, the stillness relieved by the sound of the hammer as it falls at regular intervals to cleave stone, or of the saw cutting through a piece of marble, softened by the distance, the musical tinkling of the bell of the sheep as they brouse above and around you. . . . The peep at the mountain from inside the cottage is very sweet, its ruggedness relieved by numerous thick patches of bright-coloured heath and luxurious ferns, and the little mountain sheep browsing about, and very likely the cow lying at full length. If it be sunset, and a fine one, the dark edge of the mountain top stands out sharply against an exquisitely clear sky. . . . Sometimes a small yacht, its white sails glistening in the sun, glides slowly by. Boats with ladies enjoying a row often pass, and far off the Tenby steamboat and other ships, hardly discernable in the distance. Besides this, it is a lonely, silent, and beautiful shore, formed for study and meditation.

Leaving Morfabychan the visitor may allow his curiosity to lead him along the beach under the shattered rocks on to Amroth, the terminus on the east side of the long line of castles built of rock on the west, which once formed a defence of the Teutonic settlement, and a barrier against Welsh reprisals in ancient times. The ruins may now be traced, and thus on to Tenby, one of the most important and ancient towns in the southern portion of Pembrokeshire, and which has been called "*Anglia Transwalliana*" ("England beyond Wales"). Returning along the cliffs on a fine day we may get one of those panoramic views of the sea before us which one can hardly forget. Our eyes rest as we look towards the sea on the island of Caldy, which is distant from the mainland about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and forms a natural breakwater, protecting this coast from the fury of the Atlantic. To visit this island would be a pleasant excursion. Then the coasts of Cornwall, Devon, and Lundy Isle may be seen to advantage, and the smoke of the steamers, or the white sails of the sailing vessels, as, richly laden, they enter or leave the Bristol Channel.

On the sands, which stretch as far as the eye can see to the Laugharne coast, one may walk or drive, ride horse or bicycle, and play games of all sorts. There is ample space for all kinds of enjoyment. Bathing may be indulged in with perfect safety, as far as the sands are concerned. There is also an abundance of fishing facilities, and, with a wade net, sewin, mullet, bass, sole, brill, plaice, &c., may be caught with ease, as well as prawns, shrimps, or conger. The outskirts of Pendine contain romantic and picturesque views and scenery of the most interesting character, giving visitors ample scope for daily excursions through a most beautiful country, which shall be described later on.

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Pendine is just the spot for quiet enjoyment—a place to escape the bustle and business of the world, to rest the worn-out body, and recruit it with the needed strength for the coming day of toil. Recreation may be got here in its entirety; the painter, the naturalist, the man of science, as well as the child, will find it a place for thorough enjoyment. Professor Huxley spent many a deserving holiday there, and most probably thought out and wrote some of his books as a result of his visit to the place.

It is the custom with a large number of visitors in the summer to take lodgings or apartments in Laugharne rather than Pendine, and make, probably, a daily visit to the latter place for bathing purposes, &c.

This is done for several reasons. As a rule, especially during the months of August and September, the demand for accommodation is very great, and, rather than be crowded, some prefer, as stated, to seek accommodation at Laugharne.

Another reason is that the drive to and from one place to the other is so beautiful that advantage is taken of it morning and evening.

Then, again, the excellent walks around Laugharne are so numerous and fascinating that visitors make their headquarters at Laugharne with a view of (in addition to being able to visit Pendine) indulging in these country walks at pleasure. It is no exaggeration to say that the scenery for country excursions around Laugharne is second to none in the Kingdom.

One of these is, starting from Victoria Street, up through the "Long Lanes," passing the Parish Church and the Glen, the pretty residence of Mrs. Brayshay, on the left. A little higher up, and close to the road, is Hillside, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wilimott, encircled in its own pretty and well-cultured garden and shrubbery; whilst immediately on the left is a capital view of Mapsland, the pretty seat of Mr. and Mrs. Towers Smith. About a quarter-of-a-mile higher up there is a junction of roads, one going through Brixtarw Farm and the other through Delacorse Farm, both ending on the shores of the Taff river between Laugharne and St. Clears.

This is an excellent walk on a hot summer's day, the travellers being well protected from the burning sun by the well-trimmed hedges *en route*. It is also a quiet outing, where study and meditation will be molested only by the sweet music of the birds, the bleating of the lambs, &c.

Couples can also enjoy themselves to their hearts' content, and youngsters can while away the time in nutting, blackberry-picking, flower-gathering, &c., all of which are plentiful.

Another route, equally as good—if not better—would be Horsepool Road, up by the Hills Farm, entering Llandawke land about a mile from Laugharne. Proceeding along the bottom of that land affords a pleasurable walk along a kind of valley, with the Llandawke land on the left rising a few hundred feet; whilst the music of Coran Brook is heard immediately on the left, on the other side of which is, rising again, but more gradually than that on the left, the green pasture fields of Brixton, Craesland, and Trehyr, the two latter being part of Sir Arthur Stepney's Estate, and the former owned by the occupier, Mr. J. R. John.

From here also there is a capital view of Milton Bank, the pretty residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. Smith, with its fine lawn tennis ground, orchard, &c. Proceeding along the valley the traveller passes Cwmmawr, part of the Llandawke Estate. Glancing up at Cwmmawr the scenery is really good, and the valley which divides the Llandawke and Stepney Estates is exceedingly pretty, covered as it is on one side with beautiful fern, blue bells, &c., and on the other with oak and ash trees, whilst running between is a continual stream of fresh and invigorating water, direct from the rocky spring above. Many have been known to take a rest here, viewing the scenery around, and listening to the sweet strains of the stream rolling down, murmuring its song, "The sea, the sea for me."

Intermixed with that are the beautiful songs of a hundred and more different kinds of birds, with their voluminous praises falling upon the ear, until one is oftentimes entirely lost in the surroundings.

Should there be youngsters in the company, their curiosity would be aroused by the innumerable rabbits playing about the fields, the squirrels jumping from branch to branch, and other species of the varied number of creatures that abound; and all could join in nutting, there being a great abundance of nuts in their season.

A little further on the road leads through Upper Newton land, and through the yard of that farm, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bedford, who are at all times, in their generosity, pleased to extend a glass of milk to a thirsty traveller on pleasure bent.

Following the road from there takes one through a few furzy fields, where fresh and invigorating air is inhaled in its purity, and ends on the main road near Cwmbwyn, the residence of Mr. T. Bowen and also that of the Rev. J. Evans, M.A. The traveller may from there either turn to the left for Pendine, *via* Three Lords, or to the right for Laugharne, passing Maesgwrda, where Mr. and Mrs. T. Morse reside (the place once visited by Cromwell), through Halfpenny Furze, Bwlchnewydd, and on to Laugharne, after a pleasant and refreshing journey. On the further end of the Hills road, leading from Laugharne as stated above, the tourist may, on entering Llandawke land, instead of keeping on for Newton, follow the carriage drive which leads to Llandawke itself, the seat once occupied by the late Lord Kensington, and afterwards by Mr. Shields, but at present the abode of Mrs. Morse, widow of the late J. D. Morse, C.C. The extensive farm is now held respectively by Mr. W. Jones and Mr. W. S. Morse. On the rising ground just above the house there is a splendid view of the country around for many miles, Paison's Lodge, the pretty seat of Mrs. Lewis (late of Cilsant), and the farm held by Mr. J. J. Howells being very prominent.

About 100 yards from the farm stands the historic Llandawke Church and Rectory, where dwells the genial rector of the parish, Rev. T. Jenkins. Arriving there the remainder of the day may be profitably spent in and around this church, which dates back to the fourth century. Its position makes the visitor at once feel curious as to its origin and history, standing, as it does, in a dell, and encircled by trees, shrubs, and pretty flowers of all descriptions.

Right in front is a small wood, in the centre of which is a beautiful spring of water, which flows down by the church in a continuous stream for the benefit of man and beast. There is something indescribably sweet and quiet in the scenes around here.

The church is dedicated to St. Margaret Marlos, daughter of Sir Richard Marlos and Margaret, his wife. A few years ago a broken effigy was discovered in the churchyard, which was supposed to be that of the founder of the church, Margaret Marlos. It was with great care removed inside the church, where it now lies, bearing the following inscription:—

This effigy is probably that of Margaret Marlos, daughter of Richard Marlos, knight, and Margaret, his wife, sister of Guido de Bryan, K.G., Lord Marcher of Laugharne, 1350 to 1391, who partly rebuilt this and the neigh-

bouring church of Eglwyscymmin, and dedicated them to his ancestors and patroness, St. Margaret of Scotland, in honour of his niece. This effigy, broken in three places, was found in the churchyard, and placed here at the expense of the late Thomas Jones Harries, of Llandawke, Esquire, by the rector, Thomas Jenkins, 1902.

This effigy was unveiled a few months ago by Mr. G. T. Treharne, of London, a great Welsh antiquarian. Mr. Treharne also unveiled at the same time an Ogam stone, which, according to tradition, has an interesting history.

The inscription on the stone is so much effaced that it cannot be read. It is assumed, though, it has from the first been associated with this church, and, if that be true, has stood there for the last fourteen hundred years.

The Ogam character of the stone takes us back to the fourth century. It is well known that the Ogam characters are peculiar to the Celtic people, and are supposed to have been invented by the Goidels, who were driven westward by the Brythons. History proves beyond doubt that there was a Christian Church among the Welsh in this country long before Augustine came to Canterbury as a missionary from Rome to convert the heathen Saxons, who had taken possession of the south-eastern part of England, and had driven the Celts westward before them.

The Ogam stone is a standing proof of the existence of a Christian Church among the Welsh people from sixteen to seventeen centuries ago, and the stone being found here is a proof that Llandawke Church dates back to that period.

Leaving Llandawke, the tourist may proceed onwards towards "Tafarndiflas," where there is another unique stone, which is called "The Holy Stone." Where it had its origin is not known, but it probably dates back to the pre-Christian period, and Christianised afterwards. It is sometimes called "The Resting Stone," owing, it is thought, to the fact that in former years all funerals passing that way would place the coffin on the stone for a rest.

It has now, however, through the kindness of Mr. Treharne, been properly and artistically built around, so that there is no further danger of its being damaged. It is visited and inspected by hundreds of people from all parts, who view it with interest.

Returning from there, Laugharne may be reached either through Hagdon, of which we shall have something to say later on, or by Llandawke and through Bronwast Lane, which is a most pleasant walk.

The lane is narrow, but its banks are enamelled with spring flowers in their season, often entirely covered with primroses and luxuriant with ferns. It rises and declines at intervals, and from one part of it there is a capital view of the sea, with part of the coast, with a headland.

Gliding along through the sweet perfume of flowers and the shady trees, Laugharne is reached after a pleasant and interesting outing. Although a little tired, the visitor is more than compensated by his experiences of the day.

The walks or excursions written about in the last article are what may be termed country walks. There are, though, in the immediate surroundings of Laugharne, several walks which surpass, in some respects, those in the outskirts of the place—walks which have over and over again been described by visitors to be almost unequalled.

One of these is the Cliff. Going there from Victoria Street, the Cliff is reached in a few minutes' walk. On the left, on the brow of the hill, are Cliff House and Glan-y-mor, the pretty residences of Mr. W. H. Dempster and Mrs. Falkener respectively. These two seats are excellently situated, standing as they do on their own encircled ground, above the sea, with a fine view of the sea, as well as that of the picturesque country on the other side.

It may be mentioned here that Mrs. Falkener has lately improved Glan-y-mor at an enormous expense, in the laying of drains, the making of new walks, carriage drive, &c., which have very greatly added to the beauty of the place and its surroundings, not only to the family itself, but to visitors.

Walking along the Cliff, and on the right, some 70 to 80 feet below, is the sea, where the River Taf empties itself. The scenery from here is beautiful. It is properly termed one of the celebrated views of Laugharne. Standing by Glan-y-mor on a morning when the sun has just risen above the hill, and the tide in, the view is lovely. The ferry-boat is near by, ready to convey passengers across to the Scar, *en route* for Llanybri or Llanstephan. Or the visitor may take a seat (which is available on the Cliff Road), and view with delight the scenery on the other side of the river, which is pretty.

Beyond the Scar is a line of hills, running alongside the river. A chance cottage here and there, with orange-tinted front and thatched roofs, rests lonely by a little stream, which, touched by the sunbeam, looks like a golden thread on an enamelled surface.

Just above is a cluster of trees, on the slope of the hill, sheltering a farmhouse and outhouses. Bushy hedges and pretty trees enclose the homestead of Pentowyn, Macham, and Llandilo Farms, as well as others which are visible from this spot.

Several headlands stretch out into the sea, one of them being called Cover Cliff, and another Warley Point. When the sun is setting, the variety of tints these headlands and the line of coast display—one, perhaps, dark violet, another of a rosy hue, and others with lighter tints—render it a lovely scene, so that the observer will feel perfectly at home and blissfully at rest.

Proceeding onward over the Cliff there is a charming walk as far as Delacorse through green fields and furzy patches, where the fresh air is perfect and the sea breeze invigorating.

Another interesting view is the New Walk, which winds along the side of Sir John's Hill, that historic farm held by Mr. J. T. David. From this point the old church of St. Ishmael's may be seen to advantage as if standing on the sea. The coast near Llanelly, with a tint of green, is revealed by the gleam of the sun, and the Glamorganshire coast, with its undulations so well wooded and its cliffs, is sparkling in the sunlight.

Worm's Head is also seen to advantage. On the New Walk the visitors may sit down and watch the vessels sailing up the Towy. Among others are the Tenby steamers from Carmarthen and other places, well laden with excursionists, &c., larger vessels heavily laden with their respective cargoes bound for the West, as well as other numerous small boats passing to and fro.

When the tide is out a large piece of sand near the ferry is visible, and looks very pretty. On the right from this spot and below, facing Sir John's Hill, is Laugharne Marsh, with its numerous farms and abundant cattle grazing, bounded on one side by the noted sand hills or burrows, which protect them from the sea, and on the other by that high and picturesque hill, beautifully decorated by nature with furze, flowers, and fern, under Sir John's Hill.

There is also a capital view of Pendine, the large area of land between being quite flat, so that nothing prevents the eye from perceiving a large stretch of land on which stand the farms known as New House, Salt House, Malt House, East House,

brook and rushing stream, where sometimes the hay-cart passes, and the cows slowly wending their way at milking time. In the long avenue in these grounds you have a lovely peep of the sea and the Glamorganshire coast; another avenue gives an exquisite view of three headlands. This is justly termed one of the celebrated views of Laugharne.

Leaving Fernhill the tourist proceeds alongside the brook called Lakes, passing a woollen factory and several small thatched and other cottages, until Hugdon is reached, which is about half-a-mile out of Laugharne.

Hugdon is owned by the town and corporation of Laugharne, and contains about 140 acres of rich land, divided into shares among the burgesses. When one burgess dies his share becomes the property for life of the next burgess on the roll. Hugdon rises gradually, until on the top there is one of the most extensive and interesting views imaginable.

Hills are massed together as far as the horizon. From here Coigen may be seen raising its rounded top; sea and coast is visible spreading out far and wide; Llansadurnen may also be seen from here to advantage; whilst the villages of Broadway and Llanybri are equally well in sight. It is like a view of the kingdom of the earth and the glory of them, Laugharne itself, nestling securely below among the hills and dales, the pretty woods, and pasture fields, glittering beautifully under the shining sun. All around are green hills and pretty dales, and all admirers of nature must enjoy the lovely scenes that surround the ancient and historic town of Laugharne.

The journey between Laugharne and Pendine, a distance of a little over four miles, is an exceedingly pleasant one, either for walking, driving, or cycling. There are three outlets from the former place. The Lakes road and Hugdon will be found charming, reaching the main road near the Broadway Mansion; or the traveller may take Stoneway road, which, although a little steep, will be much enjoyed when there is sufficient time at his disposal. If driving or cycling, the best route is by Gosport-street, which is also an interesting one in many respects. It is supposed to be the oldest street in the town, and its appearance goes a long way to prove that, for, although there have been great alterations made in the dwelling houses of late years, many of those small, old-fashioned cottages still remain as mementos of olden times.

Near the top of the street, on the left-hand side, is Gosport House, occupied by the owner, Mrs. Laugharne. This house has a romantic history, although having been in the possession

of the Laugharnes for many centuries. Tradition has it—and, indeed, several authors confirm it—that Cromwell at one time made the house his abode when attacking the castle, and that several battles were fought between the possessors of the castle and Cromwell's army, who were stationed in the field called Orchard Park, right opposite Gosport House. The position of this field is favourable to that theory, as is also the situation of the house, from which the commander had a good view of the castle itself, as well as being in a position to give instructions to his men.

This house was for years vacant, and had almost gone to ruin. A couple of years ago, however, Mrs. Laugharne decided to get it done up, and return to reside in it herself. This has been done completely, and the ancient house has now an excellent appearance, worthy of its tradition.

Proceeding onward, about half a mile, the little village of Broadway is reached, where stand the ruins of Roach Castle. Very little of the history of this castle is known. Miss Curtiss states that it "belonged to the Perrotts, the descendants of Sir J. Perrott, who held Laugharne Castle in the time of Elizabeth, and that it was turned into a monastery, and ultimately into a nunnery." However that may be, its appearance is a proof of having been strongly built, and that it has experienced some rough fighting. From the ruins there is a capital view of the lower part of Hugdon and the Fernhill Woods.

Further on, and on the right-hand side, standing in its own grounds, in the centre of a fine shrubbery and garden, is Broadway Mansion, facing the marsh and the vast ocean beyond.

From here the top of Coigan may be seen, where there is a cave of considerable interest, and well worthy of a day's exploration by the tourist. Permission must be got to visit this cave from Mr. Broadwood, through the agent, Mr. C. Sharman, Causeway Villa. This cave, from time immemorial, has been a centre of interest, but was never scientifically explored until 1866, when a Mr. Allen and Dr. Hicks excavated it, and found bones and teeth of hyenas, hippopotami, rhinoceros, mammoth red deer, horses, &c., strewed with fragments of other bones, lying on the surface. The above gentlemen's account of the cave, given before the Cambrian Archæological Society at Carmarthen, in August, 1875, is very interesting.

On the western side of the valley are three excellent wells, called "Nathan's Wells," which by older people were supposed to contain medicinal virtues. Whatever truth there may be as to their curative values, the purity of their waters is beyond doubt.

Arriving at Pendine, the visitor will find that the climate is most salubrious, neither relaxing nor overbearing. On entering the burrows the soft, balmy, pure and invigorating air is at once noticed. The winters are not severe, Pendine not being so exposed as some places on the sea coast. It is also a place most singularly free from fevers of any kind. Having settled down there, excursions may be arranged at pleasure to the Parish Church. The erection of this Church, which is dedicated to St. Margaret Marlos, is, the Author is informed by the Rector, unknown. It was restored to its present form in 1869. According to the tablets and tombstones there at present, the Church dates back for many centuries. On one tablet is the following inscription :—

Death to us is Life to us.

Here lieth the body of Phillip Price, gentleman, of this parish, who departed this life the 16th day of December, A. 1623, aged 67 years.

And also the body of Zacharias Price, his son, who departed this life the 20th day of November, A.D. 1693, aged 45 years.

The above is, we believe, the oldest one we could discern. Others follow these dates, many of the tablets and stones being of an historic and interesting nature. A few hours spent in and around this old Church would be well spent. It gives one a feeling of sacredness as being in the midst of those who have gone before, where lay the bodies of those who many centuries ago took such interest in the welfare of the parish and neighbourhood.

A few minutes' walk from the Church are the National Schools, called Tremolet Schools. On the site of this school, which was built several years ago, there originally stood a grand building, supposed to have been a mansion. It was called, according to an old document, "The Castle of Pendine."

From there Greenbridge is reached, where there is a well-conducted inn, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. E. Evans. Here the traveller may get refreshments of all kinds at moderate charges.

Miss Curtiss states that this is called the "Green Bridge of Wales," and that tradition says that the last battle will be fought at Greenbridge. Old Par predicted that a man with three

fingers would hold three king's horses at this battle. From Greenbridge there is a capital view of Marros Mountain, with its healthy situation, the air bracing without being too keen. Here one may revel in mountain scenery, as well as mountain air, amidst the hundred and more little rocks and stones of many designs, carved by Nature itself, as well as enjoy many pretty mountain walks along its brows. The scenery visible from here is simply fascinating, making it a favourite day's excursion for visitors to Pendine.

Just below the Green Bridge public-house, on the Marros road, is a beautiful bridge formed by Nature, under which runs a stream of water, and over which the whole of the traffic on that road is carried. This is the only bridge known of its kind where the human hand has had nothing whatever to do with its formation, and never has required, nor probably never will require, any repairs. This bridge alone is worth a visit from Pendine.

There is also near by a cave, of the interior of which there is no reliable information.

From here a pleasant walk may be taken as far as Marros, where there is a very ancient church standing on the highest point of the mountain, and from which there is an extensive and interesting view all round. The village of Tavernspite is visible from here, as well as an unlimited area of mountainous and other land, making the scene beautiful to behold.

Another interesting walk or drive from Green Bridge would be to Eglwyscummin, which is about two-and-a-half miles from Pendine. This walk is enjoyed by hundreds during the summer months. There is a path leading to it through beautiful fields, from where the views all round are glorious.

Behind is Pendine, with its hills; the sea and coast of Tenby, with its isles; then Marros Mountain, and the tower of its church on the summit of the mountain; before are the grey peaks of the Precelly Mountains.

Eglwyscummin Church, which was built about the year 1150, is dedicated to St. Margaret Marloes. Tradition has it that there was at one time an encampment there, and a portion of the church to some extent bears out that idea. However that may be, the church has a romantic history attached to it, and is well worthy a visit from anyone who cares for the antiquity of beautiful Wales.

Not far off from Eglwyscummin is Red Roses, where there is a Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, which is affiliated to the Pendine Chapel of that denomination. Between Eglwyscummin and Laugharne is "Three Lords," where there is an Independent Chapel under the patronage of the Laugharne minister. This chapel is about two miles from Pendine—a walk much enjoyed by visitors as well as residents.

Should the visitor to Pendine not feel inclined at all times for these country excursions, he will find ample scope for his desires on or about the sands, or climbing the rocks close by. Youngsters may while away their time in picking shells, of which there are plenty of every description. Adults may go fishing for shrimps, eels, prawns, flounders, etc., to their hearts' content. These may be caught without boats. Other fish are plentiful by going further out into the water. Again, the day may be spent on the burrows among the sand-heaps, there being, in fact, plenty of scope for enjoyment whatever the inclination may be.

There are on the sands at present several remnants of wrecks lying as mementos of the power of the sea and winds. The last of these wrecks only occurred about two years ago. There were, in fact, two wrecks within eighteen months of each other, when the vessels were completely destroyed, but the lives were saved. The remains of these ships attract many visitors.

Almost the sole industry of Laugharne is fishing, this trade being a very large one. Cockles and flounders (or flatfish) are the chief line, although shrimps and a few other kinds of fish are caught. There are five regular fishermen in the place, who do a large trade. The fish are sold in and about Laugharne, but a large quantity is sent elsewhere, for which there is always plenty of demand.

The cockle dealers (about twenty-five in number), reside, for the most part, in Frog Street and the Grist, whilst a few reside in Gosport Street. These may be seen, young and old, male and female, wending their way towards the scene of operations at all hours of the day and night, according to the time of the tide. The state of the weather does not in any way affect them. Be it cold, or be it warm, pouring rain, or a foot deep in snow, nothing detains them from being at their post in the proper time. To see these hardy sons and daughters of toil lingering about the water's edge, bare-footed in all kinds of weather, dressed, of course, in their worst clothes, which

"date unknown." There appears to be a great difference in the sketches, which, if correct, only go to prove that several important alterations have taken place from time to time. The same author states that the castle is "thought to have been built on the ruins of a Roman fort." It is supposed to have been destroyed by Llewellyn ab Gruffydd in the year 1256, and re-built in the time of Henry VII., although there is no reliable evidence to that effect.

The then King, according to some authors, presented the Castle to Sir Rhys ab Thomas as compensation for his services in the battlefield. It ultimately, however, came into the possession of Sir Guido de Brian, the founder of the Laugharne Corporation.

Space will not permit here to describe the romantic history of the castle, the changes it has undergone under different owners and reigns, &c. Permission may be had from the person in charge to visit the interior of the castle, which is well worth viewing. The interior has been beautifully laid out with gardens, shrubberies, &c. These, coupled with the scenery visible across the bay, give the visitor unbounded pleasure and cause of reflection. The latter, on account of being inside the walls and on the spot, that, were they able to speak, would bear testimony to many a battle fought and many lives lost in days gone by.

Adjoining the castle is Wogan-street, supposed to have been one time part of the castle. At the bottom of this street is Island House, the pretty residence of Captain Jones and family. Tradition has it that there was at one time a subterranean passage from the castle under Island House to the Strand. For the accuracy of that there is no definite proof.

Suffice it to say that although a reliable account of this noted castle is not forthcoming, and that its history, to some extent, lies in obscurity, still its ruins there to-day are a proof of the one-time importance of this ancient town. It can boast of having taken part in the defence, through its castle and other means, of king and country, and is now a source of pleasure to visitors and others bent on seeking and reviving their health. A day spent in and around the castle is a really profitable one.

Laugharne is able to boast of possessing one of the most ancient and handsome churches in the Principality. It is dedicated to St. Martin, and is supposed to have been built—or, rather, re-built—by Sir Gui de Brian during the reign of

consists generally, in the case of females, of short flannel shirts and bodices, with their heads tightly wrapped up in shawls, &c., the scene is really interesting, and fit for the pen of our greatest artists. The cockle trade, although being honest, industrious, and remunerative, is still a hard and trying one, and well deserving of all that is made by it. How often do we think, when enjoying a feed of cockles at the table, of the trouble and exposure it has cost the gatherer that morning?

The greater part of the cockles are brought in in boats, thence on donkeys' backs, &c., to the respective owners' houses. From there they are despatched in bags to all parts of Glamorganshire, Bristol, and the West of England. Carts also come from St. Clears, Whitland, Trelech, Llanwinio, and other places, and purchase wholesale for the purpose of hawking around their respective districts. When the cockles are in season, it is estimated that about two tons per week are sent away to different parts. This would be in addition to those sold in Laugharne and Pendine. About one ton per week is sent away, on an average, throughout the year.

One might fancy, by the appearance of these cockle-gatherers whilst at work, that they are of the ne'er-do-well type—a low, careless class. Such is not the case. On the whole, they are an honest, upright, and industrious class of people. To see them of an evening, or especially on Sunday, when they turn out for church or chapel, or, perhaps, for a country walk, it is only those with whom they are well acquainted can recognise them. Miss Curtiss says that "they appear on Sundays like butterflies in all their finery."

Visitors to Laugharne might rely on getting at all times a supply of fresh fish and cockles, which are considered essentials to health and vigour.

Laugharne Castle stands in the centre of the town, and on the water's edge. Although there only remain at present practically the ruins of the original castle, it has the appearance of having been at one time a building of strength and stability. Part of it has been converted into an excellent little mansion, tenanted during the summer months by Mr. Powers and family. Nothing is definitely known respecting the original style of the castle, but some authors describe the alterations and re-building that have been made to it from time to time. Miss Curtiss, in her "Antiquities of Laugharne," produces three different views of it. One was dated 1726, another 1740, and another marked

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Edward III. A day might well be spent by the visitor in and around this church, with its extensive churchyard and the romantic and interesting history of those that lie therein. Many of the tablets, monuments, &c., are dated in the sixteenth century, and, probably, those on which the wording is indiscernible date further back than that.

The following account of the church, published in the "Haul" by the late Mr. W. Spurrell, Carmarthen, in 1873, may be of interest to reproduce here :—

The church is built in the perpendicular style. It has a square central tower, embattled in that style, which, some antiquarians consider, was introduced by the Flemings, and has a corner turret at one of the angles. When the church was restored in 1873, this tower was lowered. It has suffered many alterations. Originally, the floor was divided into three ascending grades approaching the altar, a form peculiar to many Welsh churches. It was destroyed, and the pavement of the chancel was put in the manner of an inclined plane, which has also been done away with. Its roof was beautiful, formerly decorated with gold, crimson, and azure. Small ornaments, something in the form of drops, as far as I can ascertain, were suspended from it. People came from all parts to see it. In no country do the churches present such splendid roofs as those of the perpendicular English. The porch on the north side, opposite that on the south side, has been destroyed, but the outline of the archway was completely restored in 1873, but is blocked up. The present north transept was the vestry some thirty-five years ago, and the south transept had then no pews in it, and was used as a lumber room.

Miss Curtiss, in her "Antiquities of Laugharne," describes the interior of the church thus :—

The interior of the church has some beauties. Stand at the lower part of the nave, look down its length, and the two arches through which your eye passes to the communion table has something very beautiful in it. At the back of the communion table is a range of decorated niches, where figures were once enshrined. Here, within the rails, is the monument of Sir Gui de Brian, first possessor of the castle. On the south side of the communion table are the piscina and sedilia, which have been perfectly and beautifully restored, &c.

There is now being added to these, behind the communion table, at considerable expense, beautiful memorial stones of the late Rev. W. N. Harrison, out of funds collected by the parishioners. There are belonging to the church an excellent peal of bells, from which melodious music can be heard for a long distance every Sunday, and on other special occasions. It has also an organ, admitted to be second to none in Wales. The church registers, which are in safe custody, and may be examined on application to the sexton, date back for a very long period, and contain some interesting records.

The following are the names of those that have held the livings, as far as the author has been able to find out:—Revs. John Palmer (vicar), 1427; Alan Percy (rector); John Palmer (second vicar), 1535; John Evans, 1591-1618; William Thomas, 1644 (Bishop of St. David's, 1681, and Bishop of Worcester, 1684); George Owen and Michael Owen, 1684-1689; William Lloyd, 1706; Thomas Phillips, 1707 (died 1748); Edmond Sandford, 1748 (died 1790); Thomas Watkins, 1790 (died 1799); John Williams, 1799 (died 1829); William Dunn Harrison, 1830 (died 1834); Jasper Nicholls Harrison, 1834 (died 1898); and Rev. J. Thomas, 1898.

The congregations are invariably large, the church, as a rule, being filled both morning and evening on Sundays. The week-day services are also fairly well attended. The church choir, which is considered an excellent one, is surplised, a number of its young boys being also supplied with special suits of clothes from the proceeds of a charity mentioned previously in this book.

The Congregational Chapel, which is a fine building, was erected a few years ago, and is situated in King Street, and fairly well attended. The old chapel belonging to this denomination is on the Cliff, where the Sunday School and week-day services are still held.

The Wesleyan Chapel, near The Corse, dates back to the year 1810. Although the congregation are few in number, the members are faithful adherents to the cause.

The Calvinistic Methodists have their place of worship in Wogan Street, which dates back for a very long period; supposed to be about the end of the eighteenth century. This church, although small, has a fair congregation.

The Baptists meet at Bwlchnewydd and Plashet respectively, the former being mid-way between Laugharne and Llanddowror, and the latter on the Pendine road. Both these chapels are well attended by the country residents around.

Probably, there are no two places of their size that can boast of being the abiding place or birthplace of more distinguished people than Laugharne and Pendine can. It was near the latter place that the renowned Rev. Peter Williams first saw the light of day, a chapel having been recently erected there to his memory.

Laugharne, according to historians, has been favoured with visits by Henry II. on his return from Ireland. The Black

Prince, son of Edward III., resided here for some time, and many other distinguished persons. The Rev. R. Beacock, Bishop of St. Asaph in 1444, was a native of Laugharne. The Rev. W. Thomas, Bishop of St. David's, was at one time the Vicar of Laugharne. It was in this church that the immortal Rev. Griffith Jones, Llanddowror, preached his first sermon, and held a curacy for some time. Dr. J. Jacker, Dean of Gloucester, was born in Laugharne in the year 1713. The Rev. T. Charles, of Bala fame, was born at Pantdwn, between Laugharne and St. Clears. The Rev. Griffith Jones, Congregational minister, laboured here for many years, afterwards leaving for New Zealand, where he died a few years ago.

Many other persons of note may be mentioned as having been connected in one way or another with these historic places, which makes them the more interesting to visitors and others.

Within an hour's journey, then, of the railway station are two places where visitors and residents may contemplate on the beauties of Nature without limit, dwell in peace and comfort among a loyal, peaceable, and kind people. Here the turmoil of life can be forgotten for the time being, and a pleasant holiday spent.

It may be of interest to visitors that the following, as holding public official positions, may be made known:—

Postmasters:—Laugharne, Mr. J. Johns. Pendine, Mr. C. Mathias.

Schoolmasters:—Laugharne, Mr. R. H. Tyler, King Street. Pendine, Mr. J. Davies, Bellview.

Clergy and Ministers:—Church of England—Rev. J. Thomas, M.A., The Vicarage, Laugharne; Rev. J. Atterbury Thomas, B.A., Curate; Rev. T. Jenkins, Rector of Pendine and Llandawke. Congregational Church—Rev. L. Price. Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. J. H. Beynon. Wesleyan—Rev. E. Owen, Carmarthen. Baptist—Rev. L. Davies.

County Councillor:—Mr. Richard Evans, Cresswell.

District Councillors and Guardians:—Laugharne, Mr. B. R. Thomas, Raven House, and Mr. J. Bedford, Upper Newton. Pendine, Mr. B. Thomas, Big House.

Chairmen of Parish Councils:—Laugharne, Mr. Sam Evans, Victoria Street. Pendine, Mr. J. S. Ebsworth, Sea View.

Clerks of Parish Councils and Assistant Overseers:—Laugharne, Mr. W. Griffiths, Ship and Castle Hotel. Pendine, Mr. J. Shankland, New Inn.

Caretaker of Reading Room:—Mr. W. Jeremy, Laugharne.

Secretary of Oddfellows' Lodge:—Mr. G. W. M. Wilkins.

Town Crier:—Captain J. Thomas, Laugharne.

Recorder:—Mr. W. Jeremy, King Street, Laugharne.

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W. & A. Gilbey's Wines and Spirits.

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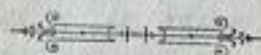
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